



E L E G Y

In Commemoration of

Madam Ellenor Gwinn,

Who Departed this Life on the 14th of November, Anno Dom. 1687.

MUST She thus Die, has an Eternal Sleep,
 Seiz'd each Great Muse, that all sad Silence keep?
 Not to be Wak'd ath' Melancholy Sound
 That Spreads it self, enlarging all around;
 And does our Hearts with Grief and Wonder Wound;
 To Death's Embraces must She Yield, and Lie
 Embalm'd in Dust, without an *ELEGY*;
 No, rather let me come with Tribute Verse,
 And strow some Mournful Cyprus on her Hearse:
 Admit me as a Cipher here to come,
 Who, though am Nothing, yet can raise a Sum.
 Speak then my Muse, and Speak in such a Strain,
 As may fit Audience from the World obtain.
 Speak, though like Grief her self, when Clad in Woe,
 To Melancholy Seats She hasts, which Flow
 With Floods of Tears, are hung with Weeping Eyes,
 And Seal'd with Sighs and Groans that thither Rise,
 Whilst Loud Laments break through and Storm the Skies;
 Tell that a Glorious Beauty is with drawn
 To Silent Seats of Everlasting Dawn;
 Cropt like a Gay Flower by some Rude Hand,
 Or like a Blossom by the North Winds Fan'd;
 As quick, as if her Fate had been in haste,
 She's set in Death, She upon whom were plac'd
 The willing Eyes of Numbers She Reliev'd,
 Cou'd not from Death, be by their Prayers Reprev'd.
 Inexorable Death, no Bribe cou'd stay
 The Witty, Rich, and Beauteous must Obey,
 When by him Summon'd to Eternal Day:
 Yet, let's not think her Dead, who ne'r shall Die,
 Till Time's ingulf'd in vast Eternity.
 'Tis but her Shaddow that we now have lost;
 She left but this for a more during Coast,
 And is but Freed from Troubles that were hurl'd,
 Like moving Storms upon the Restless World
 We all must go, though all not at a time,
 Some Age befriends, some snatch'd are in their Prime.
 Mankind was Dust, and must be Dust again,
 And all must Die, though none knows where, nor when;
 So have I seen an unfix'd Star Remain,
 A Time with Brightness, 'mongst the Numerous Train
 Of Glittering Fires, when Darting suddainly,
 It left its Sphere no more to Light the Skie:

But some may Cast Objections in, and say
 These scatter'd Praises that we seek to lay
 Upon her Hearse, are but the formal Way:
 Yet, when we tell them She was free from Strife;
 Curteous even to the Poor, no Pride of Life
 E're Entertaining, but did much Abound
 in Charity, and for it was Renown'd.
 Not seeking Praises, but did vain Praise dispise,
 And at her Alms was heard no Trumpets Noise,
 And how again, we let them further see,
 That She refus'd and hated Flattery;
 And far from her Dissemblers did Command,
 We may have Hopes her Fame for this may stand.
 However, let the softer Beautys come,
 And bring their Wreaths of Flowrs to Deck her Tomb;
 Mix'd with the Mournful Ciperus and Yew;
 Weep, that the Witty and the Gay withdrew.
 Leaving the World so soon, let all the Train
 Of those that Fed upon her Bounty Drain
 Their full Eyes, and of Death's Cruelty Complain,
 That he by not permitting her to stay,
 Took that sad Hour, their Maintenance away.
 Let all those that She has advanc'd appear,
 And in their Eyes, their Silent Sorrow wear;
 Till every Mourner for a time, become
 Sad as her Fate, and like her Lifeless Body Dumb.

EPITAPH,

IF Beauty, Wit, or Friends, had Power to save
 Alive, what this Tomb does from Death Retrive,
 It had not yet been here; yet Reader, spare
 Not on this Dust, to drop a Friendly Tear.
 'Tis only Dust lies cover'd in this Tomb,
 Her Fame and Soul Employ a larger Room.

WITH ALLOWANCE.